THE NEW REPUBLIC

Two Muddles that Might Lead to War

Louis J. Halle

Tennessee Williams' Latest Play

Feiffer on Radical Moderates

Intellectuals and Movies

Stanley Kauffmann

January 22, 1962 [illegible] cents

[illegible] VT
[illegible] OF VERMONT
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

Kennedy and the Apocalypse

★ When will the Message be ready? "Not before eight at least," the White House tells reporters; so we know it won't be till after midnight and go off to the Women's National Press Club banquet for Congressmen where Walter Lippmann stills the great Mayflower ballroom with a level, quiet voice, listened to almost reverentially. It is a noble speech dealing with an apocalyptic world where the two great rivals are caught between "a war that cannot be fought and a peace that cannot be achieved" and where, accordingly, "frustration, confusion and compromise" reign. Uncomfortable certainly but, says Lippmann, we must know there is something worse; neither US nor USSR must push the other beyond "the tolerable limit of provocation and humiliation," for even the sanest nation "can be provoked and exasperated to the point of lunacy where its nervous system cannot endure inaction – where only violence can relieve its feelings." That is Lippmann's lesson; it is the business of governments "to find where that line is – and to stay well back of it."

So now it is 2 a.m. in zero-cold, and muffled secretaries are just leaving the flood-lit White House where bare trees cast black shadows on the snow. Street lamps drop frozen cones on empty Pennsylvania Avenue and the steam-plumed car parks without fear of a ticket. High up on ledges the line of birds twitter all night and now and then a frozen starling falls to the ground as stronger ones take its place. The reporter seeks his warm, silent office and works and meditates till five. Has he appraised the speech aright, caught its mood and nuances – a few hours of fitful sleep raise these doubts.

. . . Now it is noon in the great hall of Congress, filled with Representatives and Senators – Cabinet sitting in front – every gallery jammed, clerks bawling announcements, ambassadors and ministers trooping down the center aisle two by two; and then the whole crowd rises and applauds and gawks at a pretty girl who sits in the President's gallery. Yes, it's Jackie.

Kennedy strides smiling down the aisle, young and vigorous, making his welcoming committee look old as Druids; then he begins and the Nation listens. The State of the Nation – the state of the world. . . . He speaks confidently, resonantly and the speech that seemed tired last night comes partly to life (though Kennedy cannot make a phrase give off hot sparks as FDR did). It sounds better than it read, though, and it sounds better over TV than in the straining chamber itself where routine Democratic applause wars with routine Republican silences.

The Big Four

★ Kennedy speaks. It is the apocalyptic moment Lippmann noted last night. The Common Market Six are throwing down their historic challenge; the American economy still dawdles at half-speed; Soviet Russia is training annually three times as many engineers as the US; France may plunge bloodily over the brink at any minute – and once more an American President comes to plead with this antique Congress for speed on a field covered with parliamentary flypaper.

Consider the House Big Four Democratic leadership – Boston Irishman Speaker McCormack opposes federal school aid; Oklahoma Majority Leader Albert opposes civil rights bills; Arkansas Ways and Means chairman Wilbur Mills opposes medical aid under Social Security and Virginia primitive Howard Smith, Rules Committee chairman, opposes Progress.

These men, and chairmen like them, are not picked because they are wise but because they are old; seniority, not the voters, gives them key chairmanships in semi-autonomous committees, party responsibility does not exist in the American system. This is a rural legislature though 70 percent of America is urban; it knows timidly that it can do nothing without danger and forgets that to do nothing is most dangerous of all. It is a sound Congress if the world would only wait, and it is prepared to make a sound record by every standard except what must be done.

Kennedy's relation to his Congress is a puzzle. He will still use Eisenhower kindness to a legislature that swings to conservatism. Does he know his own strength? He has a grocery-list of proposals, many of which can't pass. Is this make-believe necessary? The theory is that maybe next year's Congress will be more "pro-Kennedy," but how can that be if he doesn't educate voters now? This week's press conference was the first in 47 days.

Kennedy is driving for one great goal – Common Market unity – and one supposes he is shucking off lesser objectives for this. Indeed, achievement of this goal could redeem a drab session, and its coming seems more and more inevitable. Even as Congress prepares to debate the issue the "if" becomes a "must." For the European Six have now agreed on a common farm tariff. The US annually sells $1 billion in farm products to The Six. If the European tariff gate clangs down farmers will yell from Sacramento to Dixie.

A year ago this reporter sat in a snowdrift listening to Cardinal Cushing lecturing God and hearing the young new President preach urgency in the face of national danger. It was inspiring and the motto was, "We must move."

Now the first annual report shows much that is valuable and some that is splendid, and the word is, "Look, we are moving!" Fine, if only it is fast enough.

Notes

★ After all these years the *Satevepost* has decided that a conservative, stuck-needle editorial policy doesn't pay; Curtis Publishing deficit per share increased from 19 cents in 1960 to 30 cents in 1961 and it is now desperately going to appeal to Democrats, too. . . . Not the *Reader's Digest;* it introduced ads but not answers to biased articles: US Labor Statistics head Ewan Clague asked permission to reply to a recent attack on unemployment figures, never heard from publisher DeWitt Wallace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 146 Number 4 Issue 2464 January 22, 1962*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1962, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second class Imprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Togetherness

THE WEEK

3. Togetherness; Kennedy's Course; When Newspapers Die; Folly in New Guinea

ARTICLES

7. Apathy in West Germany by Terence Prittie
9. Peace in Algeria? by Jean Daniel
10. Conservative, Liberal, Progressive by Walter Lippmann
11. Muddles that Might Lead to War by Louis J. Halle
15. The Superficial Aspect by Gerald W. Johnson

DEPARTMENTS

16. Books *19. Feiffer*
20. Theater

THE STAFF

Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor & Publisher
Selig S. Harrison, Managing Editor
Robert Evett, Books & the Arts Editor
Christopher Jencks, Associate Editor
Mary Newcomb Allen, Research
F. R. Ruskin, Assistant to the Publisher

Contributing Editors:

Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin, Irving Howe, Sidney Hyman, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

The President's loud and clear call in his State of the Union message for a new foreign trade bill was hardly unexpected. The tuning up for what the Administration hopes will be a harmonious performance later by Congress has been going on since last autumn when Undersecretary of State George Ball told the National Foreign Trade Convention that we must "repudiate protectionism" and find "new tools . . . to bring about the kind of open trading world in which our most efficient export industries can share the potentialities of this new [Common] Market." In press conferences and in addresses to the National Association of Manufacturers and to the AFL-CIO, Mr. Kennedy played upon the same theme. Former Assistant Secretary of War and Philadelphia financier Howard Peterson was enlisted as a Special Assistant to the President on foreign trade matters; Howard Piquet, tariff expert of the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress, has prepared a major trade study shortly to be published by the private National Planning Association; former Republican Secretary of State Christian Herter and former Democratic Undersecretary of State Will Clayton have been beating the drums for a radical revision of trade relations among the Atlantic powers.

All this has come about because there is a new Europe. A common tariff will soon encompass the economic union of its six major countries, and the likelihood amounts to a certainty that before the year is out Great Britain will have joined the Six, and will be followed by most or all of the other nations now associated with Britain in the European Free Trade Association. When this happens, there will be free movement of goods among 210 million people. Tens and hundreds of thousands of new customers annually are, for the first time, going to be buying major consumer goods for which US markets are now mostly on a replacement basis. Until now, the European market has been taking some $6 billion a year of US exports, while sending us for consumption in the US some $4 billion worth of goods. But the economies of Western Europe have been growing at a rate much faster than that of the US economy. As Europe becomes more prosperous it becomes more competitive; as it becomes more united, it becomes more self-sufficient – and surrounded by its own tariff wall. That is why the President will ask Congress for new bargaining tools, including the power to eliminate gradually tariffs on products for which the US and the Common Market together supply 80 percent of the world's trade, and authority to reduce our tariffs on other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goods up to 50 percent over the next five years.

The consolidation of the Common Market will have a twofold effect on the American economy. The wants of masses of consumers with money to spend will be a nutritious carrot to wide-awake American producers and salesmen. At the same time, the new productivity of large-scale European manufacture will apply a stout stick to the rear of US industry, to its slackening efficiency. And the hind legs have already begun to kick. The US producer will have to take another look at his schedules to see in what items he can continue matching European technology. The less efficient manufacturer will have to shift operations into more productive lines. Domestic profit margins as well as overseas purchases and sales will have to be reviewed.

This process of readjustment will require new federal "relocation assistance" to the workers and employers hardest hit by imports – assistance comparable to that extended by the federal government to the country's depressed areas through the Area Redevelopment Agency. Precisely how far the government will have to go to cushion the shock of a free trade policy will depend, in turn, upon the American economy's growth rate in the immediate future. When we're moving ahead at a rapid clip, business reconversions and job transfers can take place with little government participation: witness the massive reconversion that followed World War II. In a sluggish period, readjustment is more painful.

A More Perfect Union

It is because the domestic shocks of the coming period of transition and readjustment are likely to be profound for many anxious US firms and communities that the Administration has stated its argument for the new Atlantic trade partnership almost exclusively in terms of US economic self-interest. But though it may not be expedient for the President to say so, the imperative for his new policy goes beyond economics. What is in the minds of its most thoughtful advocates is something more far-reaching than free trade. They look forward to a second American venture in the forming of a more perfect union, one which will lead to the birth and growth of an Atlantic confederal community disciplined enough to resist the unified strength of the Communist powers.

At the moment, this concept enjoys the popularity of vagueness; unity was good for the United States, we urged it upon a Europe fragmented and impoverished after World War II, and so we must be for it now. But when *E Pluribus Unum* is applied to the Atlantic nations in specific terms, misgivings may arise. For one thing, there are no magic short-cuts to Atlantic Community. The necessarily protracted evolutionary process ahead will allow time enough for rear-guard harassment at every stage by super-patriots here and in Europe. Often considerably more European unity is assumed than actually now exists. Industrially, much has happened, beginning with the formation of the Coal and Steel Community, the European Payments Union and continuing through the establishment of EURATOM. Still, a European Defense Community was rejected, and the Council of Europe has little authority as yet. Political instability in France, if it becomes exacerbated after de Gaulle, could threaten the entire structure. Even among the Six, common institutions are far from having taken deep root.

What Americans may find most difficult to accept in adapting to the new transatlantic relationship is the subtle psychological change that has altered the Europeans' image of themselves and, by implication, of this country. This is the third time in six centuries that the peoples of the European peninsula are fashioning enlarged institutions. The emergence of the nation-state from feudalism and the construction of world empires were the historic preliminaries to the third phase which we are now witnessing in the unification of Europe. In our time, the collapse of Europe's colonial empires, together with military defeat and occupation, have combined to shrink the power of the area to a degree not known since the barbarians overran the Roman Empire. Now, within a decade, unprecedented economic well-being has come, and with it the promise of further unity that would put Western Europe on a par in resources, population and power with China, the USSR, and the US, and give her again a strong and independent voice.

Much European technology is better today than American; much European productive capacity is newer; European know-how in large-scale production and distribution is burgeoning. The dollar has become just one strong currency among others. (The other former international medium of exchange, British sterling, is about to switch from traditional pounds-shillings-and-pence to a decimal system long familiar to the continent.) Our best advertised international cultural products – from architecture to jazz – are now to be found everywhere. Furthermore, for 20 years, the restriction of immigration has turned the poem on the Statue of Liberty into as much of a period piece as the statue itself; and our racial conflicts have made visible to Europe the limits to individual initiative in this land of opportunity. All this is producing in Europe an isolationism comparable to the isolationism that developed in the US under similar circumstances. Today, not only the European intellectual but broader groups in the population as well no longer find the US interesting.

We shall need a great deal of patience. Europe's economic growth rate is attracting American capital

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for direct investment inside the newly forming Market, thereby diminishing job opportunities in this country; that rubs some Americans raw. The new European self-confidence comes at a time, moreover, when the US is still supplying most of the military hardware for Western defense; and that rubs others raw. Hard bargaining by the Europeans on conditions for Britain's entry into the Market is an added irritant. And equally hard bargaining over tariffs with the US, however broad and flexible the President's powers to negotiate may be, will exasperate still others.

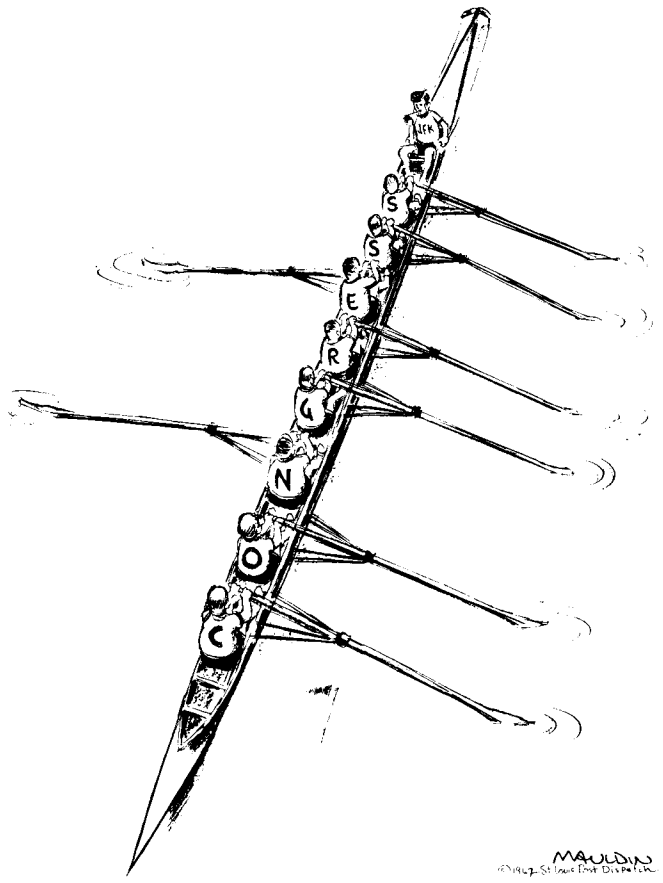
But the formation of a "more perfect union" on this continent was no tea party. Tempers were lost, and regained. Economic and regional allegiances were strained, and conciliated. We have had some experience with the way new relationships come into being.

Hard Bargains

On a blustery day in March, 1785, Mr. George Washington of Mount Vernon was informed that a delegation of Marylanders had arrived in Alexandria, and had been surprised to find no sign of the Virginia delegates who had been designated to treat with them on trade matters. (A clerk had forgot to send them the date.) In order to prevent the trip's having been in vain, Mr. Washington summoned the two Virginia commissioners who lived close by and invited them all to Mount Vernon.

Bargaining was sharp. Commissioner George Mason of Gunston Hall wrote a few months later to James Madison: "The idea of the right of fishing on both shores of the Potomac River is one the Marylanders are not fond of parting with." But the document that was ratified as the Mount Vernon Convention not only regulated river life. It carried a supplemental report on defense and finance, with recommendations that two states adopt identical schedules for the export and import tariffs and appoint a Joint Commerce Commission to meet annually.

By the end of the year Madison wrote Washington proposing the formation of a commercial league to include all the states. The Virginia Assembly then urged all members of the Confederation to send delegates to Annapolis in the following September, "to take into consideration the trade of the United States." With only five states in compliance the Annapolis session adjourned after four days; but before doing so it recommended reconvening in Philadelphia the following May. And at this meeting the delegates produced the Constitution of the United States. Had they met 175 years later, the delegates might have said, in Mr. Herter's words, that until we put behind us "the illusion that purely consultative relations are adequate in this nuclear age, real political progress will be blocked."



"All Together, Now!"

Kennedy's Course

Although his State of the Union message leaves plenty of room for maneuver – with its call for "stand-by" powers to cut taxes, and to increase spending in the event recovery stalls as defense spending declines – the President appears intent for the most part on repeating his 1961 pattern of relations with Congress in 1962. In order to wrest his trade bill from Senator Byrd's Finance Committee, and his medical care for the aged legislation from Representative Mills' Ways and Means Committee, he has taken pains to avoid even the appearance of a "big spender" or a crusader for equal rights.

Senator Byrd's friend, *New York Times* columnist Arthur Krock, could report on January 9 "not as a basis for adverse criticism" that "a federal budget, balanced at least on paper, is now restored as the indispensable foundation of fiscal policy except when overcome by the requirements of military security." And there was little in the President's speech to invite new criticism. At the end of 1961, the total of 5.5 million Americans unemployed when Mr. Kennedy took office had been reduced by only one million. More than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six percent of the labor force were still without jobs. This is "too many," the President declared in his message. "We are not satisfied." But he did not specify the number still out of work nor declare the situation urgent. He expressed himself as "gratified" that the United States is "racing to new records in . . . industrial production," without mentioning that the rate at which the country was racing in 1961, according to the Department of Commerce, represented only three percent in growth over recession year 1960, the slowest rate of growth in any major industrial nation and less than half that of the Soviet Union. Earlier, he himself had said that an annual growth of 4.5 percent in national production is "well within our capacity."

In October, 1960, telling a campaign audience what could be done to extend civil rights by Executive action, Senator Kennedy remarked that the President of the United States could end discrimination in public housing "by a stroke of the pen." In January, 1962, President Kennedy has yet to set pen to paper for this end, and civil rights leaders are finding it difficult to hold back frustrated followers who threaten Negro "Marches on Washington." The Presidential pen has not desegregated the National Guard, or placed restrictions on federal education grants to segregated colleges and universities.

As TRB comments in this issue, Kennedy's cautious course in Congress may prove self-defeating. Possibly the President is waiting to see what this year's elections will bring. If the "out" party scores its traditional off-year gains, he will be more than ever at the mercy of the Southerners in his own party – better, then, that they be friendly enemies. And should the Northern Democrats do surprisingly well, he can always take stock once again, White House strategists may reason, and determine then whether it is possible to move more aggressively. But the danger in staking his all on the trade bill, while neglecting civil rights and positive economic policies, is that he might erode the political ground on which he now stands. For if large blocs of Negroes lose faith in the Democrats, and if economic growth fails to keep up with the rapid increase in job-seekers, the Administration could well lose a sizable number of its big-city seats in the House this year and in '64 to the Republicans.

When Newspapers Die

"I *lost* my job through the *New York Times*." Thus spoke one of several hundred Los Angeles newspaper employees who suddenly became freelancers when two of their city's four downtown daily papers closed shop in one weekend. While their managements chanted requiems of rising costs and diminishing returns, the displaced persons of the Los Angeles morning *Examiner* (daily circulation, 381,000; Sundays, 700,000) and the afternoon *Mirror* (301,000 daily) attributed much of their undoing to the imminent debut of a *New York Times* special Western edition, which will be printed in Los Angeles. The threat of first-rate competition (already posed on a smaller scale by regional editions of the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Wall Street Journal*) apparently inspired the Hearst and Norman Chandler organizations to shed their weak-sister papers simultaneously. Having buried the *Examiner*, the Hearsts are left with an afternoon monopoly in their third-rate *Herald-Express* (393,000 daily), which they have renamed the *Herald-Examiner*. The Chandlers emerge with a morning monopoly in the form of their second-rate *Los Angeles Times* (546,000 daily and close to a million Sundays).

Television, as usual, was one cause of death – not merely because it was easier to look at, but because it often provided better news coverage than major Los Angeles papers. So, too, did some two dozen, new suburban daily newspapers, which, by covering in depth sanitation crises and shopping centers, undercut all four of the flabby big city giants.

The *Mirror* rates the shorter obituary. It spent almost all of its unlucky 13-year history in the red. The *Examiner* was another story. In 1903, a Los Angeles labor delegation implored William Randolph Hearst to bring a strong and liberal newspaper into a politically-blighted area. Hearst was so impressed that he switched the site of his next paper from Boston to Los Angeles. The *Examiner* ultimately proved to be no friend of labor, and the blight has thus far been ineradicable. But when its death sentence came, the *Examiner* notified the unions first, the employees next and the public last.

"When the sword finally falls," said columnist Matt Weinstock, "the editorial room becomes a chamber of horrors." The purge spread. When the dying *Mirror* lopped off 70 employees, the surviving *Times* found places for 30 of them – by firing 30 of its own workers. An acquaintance called a *Times* reporter to congratulate him on his comparative security, but he was informed: "Sorry, he isn't with us any more."

The two papers vanished in clouds of euphemism that left many readers more baffled than sentimental. Their last daily editions somehow failed to get across the fact that *both* papers were folding.

Meanwhile, the Justice Department's antitrust division and a House antitrust subcommittee have announced that they are investigating the Los Angeles newspaper situation. Rep. Emanuel Celler wants to know if "concerted action" was involved. It was known, too, that several other publishing chains had offered to buy the *Examiner*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Folly in New Guinea

Several factors contributed to the Netherlands' decision in November, 1949, to exclude the residency of New Guinea from the territories over which it was willing to transfer immediate sovereignty to Indonesia. The four-year struggle to break the authority of the Sukarno-Hatta axis had been full of bitterness for Dutchmen who remembered the prewar Indies with nostalgia. There was a natural inclination to make the best possible bargain with Indonesia, not merely to save face but also to salvage something from the wreckage of the old colonial empire. Unexplored and virtually unknown West New Guinea, with an area three times as large as New York State, containing known deposits of oil and unknown, but perhaps extensive, mineral wealth in its Stone Age interior, was no Sumatra: but it had prospects, especially as thousands of Indo-Europeans, reluctant to accept Indonesian citizenship and unlikely to fit comfortably into the Dutch European environment, were ready to make their homes there. Finally, and embracing all of these points, the Dutch Parliament was reluctant to agree to what many of its members regarded as a surrender.

It would be pointless at this stage to recount the point-counter-point that has marked and marred relationships between the Netherlands and Indonesia because of West New Guinea. The terms of the Linggadjati Agreement of November, 1946, which was initialed by both sides but never ratified, and even the Round Table Agreement four years later, undoubtedly led the Indonesians to believe that all of the former territory of the Netherlands East Indies, of which New Guinea was a part, would eventually be theirs.

It is also true that 12 years ago, or even five or six years ago, the transfer of sovereignty over West New Guinea to Indonesia would have been a painless operation. The indigenous Papuans would have made a slower entry into the 20th or 21st Century, but since the established resources of the country have thus far proved disappointing, the hardships ahead of them might at least have been less for lack of comparison.

Until 1950, when the Dutch moved out of Indonesia, West New Guinea was, and always had been, almost entirely neglected. Protestant and Catholic missionaries and various scientific expeditions furnished most of the knowledge of the country. Hollandia became the capital in 1950 only because General MacArthur's use of it as a headquarters during World War II had left a rough framework of roads and installations that did not exist elsewhere. Since 1950, however, the Dutch have made remarkable progress.

At the time the Dutch clearly indicated that they intended to stay, the estimate was that it might take a century, or more, to prepare the Papuans for self-determination. But a 1960 crash program, which brought the New Guinea Council into being and began to produce a Papuan elite, thought in terms of 10 years, or even much less if the Indonesian pressure became too strong. To the members of the New Guinea Council, and several thousand other Papuans to whom the Dutch material effort and their pledges of self-determination were meaningful and real, the independent, self-governing Papuan State was no illusion but a reality which they welcomed and were beginning to honor with a national anthem and a national flag.

Thanks to Mr. Khrushchev's jet bombers and fighters and vast quantities of other military equipment now in Indonesian hands, the pressure on the Dutch comes with hurricane strength. They appear to have no final alternative but to bow before it. The Papuans they have trained will find it more difficult to bow.

ADENAUER BACKS AWAY FROM TALKS ON BERLIN

Apathy in West Germany

Bonn

The Adenauer-Macmillan talks here on January 9 were intended to restress the basic unity of the Western Alliance and the improving Anglo-German relationship. To a certain degree they were successful. Chancellor Adenauer spoke privately of the excellent atmosphere of the exchanges. Publicly he indicated that he would do everything possible to ease the British balance of payments strain – the consequence of virtually static British exports and the $160 million a year spent in Deutschmarks on the British Rhine Army. And he agreed that the "probes" being currently undertaken in Moscow by US Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson should go on.

But the Chancellor has agreed only that the Thompson probes should go on; probably as a result of General de Gaulle's influence, he has withdrawn from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position, which he had taken beginning in July, that summit or Foreign Ministers talks on the Berlin question were desirable. This position is now qualified by the condition that an "appropriate" atmosphere should first exist. Talking privately to British correspondents in the Palais Schaumburg during the Macmillan visit, Adenauer said very plainly that he did not believe such an atmosphere now existed. He saw no sign of a more conciliatory attitude on the part of either Khrushchev or Gromyko.

Since November, Adenauer has been backing away from his summer position on top-level talks, and General de Gaulle is not the only reason. Among West Germans one finds the somewhat paradoxical feeling that the local situation in Berlin has "stabilized itself" – an idea spread by (of all people) Mayor Willy Brandt. No doubt he intended it as a mere morale-booster for the Berliners, but he has contributed to a recurrence of the curious apathy which seems to descend on West Germans during a period of comparative international political stagnation. Nothing much has been happening in Berlin, it is argued, and so why not leave things as they are? Perhaps, then, nothing will in fact happen.

The West German Government still fears that a new agreement with the Soviet Union over Berlin would entail some measure of recognition of the Ulbricht regime and remains unalterably opposed to any measure of recognition whatever. On January 8, in answer to a question which I put to him, Chancellor Adenauer said that he rejected an international control of the autobahn and railway from West Berlin to Western Germany by a "team" which would include the East German Republic. For this would entail some sort of recognition of the East German Government. This, he said flatly, would be contrary to the "Deutschland-Vertrag" which gave the Federal Republic full sovereignty – "we cannot permit an arrangement which would make the Pankow regime treaty-partners."

The West German Government also fears a "deal" by which the Western Powers might recognize the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's Eastern frontier – again in return for Soviet concessions over Berlin. West German opinion has remained "hard" in its desire that no frontier questions be settled until there is a peace-treaty for a reunified Germany. The Free Democrats, whose votes are essential to the Adenauer margin in the Bundestag, are particularly insistent on this score.

The Adenauer government is committed to undeviating opposition to all plans for arms limitation in Central Europe or for a nuclear-free zone. Adenauer believes that disengagement would weaken NATO and would thus make Soviet concessions over Berlin even more improbable than before. He is more than ever persuaded that the West must increase its military strength to engage in successful diplomacy with the East and has little faith in plans for buttressing NATO conventional forces and weapons (such as the recent extension of the period of West German conscription from one year to 18 months, and the decision to retain certain categories of Bundeswehr soldiers for several months additional service). Both Adenauer and Defense Minister Strauss want to go beyond this and to make NATO a nuclear power in its own right.

Though there are all sorts of reasons against doing this, there is one obvious point in its favor. If a stronger and more independent NATO were in a position to launch nuclear war more quickly, this, in Adenauer's view, would in turn make the Soviet Union more amenable to negotiations over Berlin. But the process of making NATO a nuclear power in its own right would take time – if and when the United States can be induced to approve it – and it is thus understandable that he sees no reason for hurrying top-level talks on Berlin.

It would be unfair to suggest that Adenauer intends to be purely obstructive over the Berlin question. He and his government have made it very plain that they want to be "good partners" in the Western Alliance. They have thrown out two hints as to how concessions might still be made. The first is that the West German government would not oppose concessions but would simply limit its concurrence to "taking note" of them. The second is that the East Germans could sign agreements with the Russians, ratifying agreements reached between the Russians and the West which would not directly involve Bonn. But these are slender hopes; and from this vantage point, one sees little prospect of fruitful agreement over Berlin this year.

TERENCE PRITTIE

REPRINTS AVAILABLE

Shelters and Survival

by Asher Brynes and Garrett Underhill

25 cents, single copy — $1, five copies

$1.50, ten copies — $10, 100 copies

Quantity Rates on Request

•

Send your order in care of

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 - 19th St., N.W. Washington 6, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VENDETTA CODE HOLDS SWAY IN ORAN

Peace in Algeria?

Paris

In the city of Oran, killing and murder are as rife as in Chicago during the heyday of gangsterism; the secret services and the various types of police get in each other's way, ending up by not even being able to find each other. No one has control over anyone any longer. There are only gangs and gang laws. The vendetta code holds sway; blood is washed away with blood. Neither the FLN nor the French authorities, nor even, for that matter, the Secret Army Organization, it would appear, want this sort of regime. But their wishes have been passed over long since. Thus, the prospect of "peace" is contemplated with circumspection by a number of the people directly concerned. Things have reached the point where one must ask whether Algeria is doomed to become another Congo.

It has been an open secret that "the end of the Algerian war" could come during the last week of January. At least this is what French Ministers are still saying in private conferences or at intimate little dinners. And so, around January 25, a communique may yet go forth announcing a cease-fire agreement signed by official representatives of the FLN and France. Simultaneously, the five Algerian ministers (Ben Bella and his four companions) who were captured by the French in 1957 in an intercepted plane would be set free and taken back to Morocco. Yet at that welcome moment, if it ever arrives, we may discover that the worst is yet to come.

Supposing the cease-fire is a certainty, supposing the Ministers' private predictions prove correct; no one expects the firing will cease as soon as the order is proclaimed. On the contrary, the Secret Army Organization (*Organization de l'Armee Secrete*), which is overwhelmingly dominated by its extremist element at present, will play its last card of provocation. No matter how disciplined the Algerians may be, it will be difficult for them not to respond; and the Algerians have their extremists and *agents provocateurs* too, even though their mystique of unity is very strong.

How does General de Gaulle envisage the future? In his view, so it is said, there are three possibilities. Either the negotiations are concluded, in which case the French Left, including Guy Mollet's socialists, are free to move over boldly to the opposition because the country no longer needs General de Gaulle; or else the negotiations break down, in which case the government will adopt the solution of partition of Algeria, resume relations with the Army again, and the Secret Army Organization will no longer have any reason for existing. The third possibility is that a Secret Army Organization *putsch* may block both of the first two solutions. In this case, Metropolitan France would find itself in a situation comparable to that of January, 1960, or April, 1961; but with a difference. Having refused all support from the people (the police in Paris were recently ordered to break up a peaceful demonstration in support of de Gaulle and against the Secret Army Organization), the chief of state would find himself this time with fewer weapons and less strength.

This is why the show of optimism in General de Gaulle's New Year's message failed to convince anyone. Even one of his most illustrious and faithful admirers, François Mauriac, was obliged to write that France has come full circle to fratricidal conflicts, to wars of religion, and to disorder. It was with no surprise that the French press published Walter Lippmann's opinion that the most important problem of the West is not in Berlin, but in Paris. His statement produced headlines but few comments, for political observers in Paris have agreed with Mr. Lippmann on this point for some time.

However, there is always some colorful Parisian with a novel viewpoint, even in the most threatening situations. A thesis has been advanced here according to which the Secret Army Organization doesn't amount to so much after all. It is my friend Jean Cau, the young and brilliant recipient of the last Goncourt Prize, who has profited by his new glory to put forth this paradoxical viewpoint in the most passionate and polemical fashion. The whole thing is simply one of those very Parisian quarrels in which political acumen plays a very slight part. Everyone knows that the Secret Army Organization is only the spark, not the fire; everyone also knows that that is what it wants to be. It is awaiting a sufficiently inflammatory time and atmosphere. Right now, we know where the detonator is, where the fuse is, and also where the explosives are. The unknown factor is when and how these three elements will come together, if they are destined to do so.

JEAN DANIEL

JEAN DANIEL, *Foreign Affairs Editor of* L'Express, *was wounded last July 20 at Bizerte and has only recently resumed writing for* The New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walter Lippmann

Conservative, Liberal, Progressive

"I do not agree with those who think that in order to defend ourselves and to survive we must put a stop to the progressive movement which has gone on throughout this century."

The poor dears among us who say that they have had enough of all this talking and negotiating and now let us drop the bomb, have no idea of what they are talking about. They do not know what has happened in the past 20 years. They belong to the past, and they have not been able to realize what the present is.

In this present, only a moral idiot with a suicidal mania would press the button for a nuclear war. Yet we have learned that while a nuclear war would be lunacy, it is nevertheless an ever-present possibility. Why? Because, however lunatic it might be to commit suicide, a nation can be provoked and exasperated to the point of lunacy where its nervous system cannot endure inaction, where only violence can relieve its feelings. This is one of the facts of life in the middle of the Twentieth Century. . . . The nerves of a nation can stand only so much provocation and humiliation, and beyond the tolerable limits, it will plunge into lunacy. This is as much a real fact as is the megaton bomb, and it is a fact which must be given great weight in the calculation of national policy. It is the central fact in the whole diplomatic problem of dealing with the Cold War. There is a line of intolerable provocation beyond which reactions become uncontrollable. It is the business of the government to find out where that line is, and to stay well back of it.

Those who do not understand the nature of war in the nuclear age, those who think that war today is what it was against Mexico or Spain or in the two World Wars regard the careful attempts of statesmen not to carry the provocation past the tolerable limit as weakness and softness and appeasement. It is not any of these things. It is not softness. It is sanity.

But it leaves us with a task: because we cannot make war, because we cannot achieve peace, we must find some other way of meeting the great issues which confront us. For life will go on, and if the answers of the past do not work, other answers must exist and must be found.

The answer lies, I believe, in the nature of the struggle between our Western society and the Communist society.

It is often said that the struggle which divides the world is for the minds and the souls of men. That is true. As long as there exists a balance of power and of terror, neither side can impose its doctrine and its ideology upon the other. The struggle for the minds of men, moreover, is not, I believe, going to be decided by propaganda. We are not going to convert our adversaries, and they are not going to convert us.

The struggle, furthermore, is not going to be ended in any foreseeable time. At bottom it is a competition between two societies and it resembles more than any other thing in our historical experience the long centuries of conflict between Christendom and Islam. The modern competition between the two societies turns on their respective capacity to become powerful and rich, to become the leaders in science and technology, to see that their people are properly educated and able to operate such a society, to keep their people healthy, and to give them the happiness of knowing that they are able and free to work for their best hopes.

The historic rivalry of the two societies and of the two civilizations which they contain, is not going to be decided by what happens on the periphery and in the outposts. It is going to be decided by what goes on in the heart of each of the two societies. The heart of Western civilization lies on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, and our future depends on what goes on in the Atlantic Community. Will this Community advance? Can the nations which compose it work together? Can it become a great and secure center of power and of wealth, of light and of leading? To work for these ends is to be engaged truly in the great conflict of our age, and to be doing the real work that we are challenged to do. I speak with some hope and confidence. . . . For I believe that in the months to come we shall engage ourselves in the long and complicated, but splendidly constructive, task of bringing together in one liberal and progressive economic community all the trading nations which do not belong to the Communist society.

I dare to believe that this powerful Western economic community will be able to live safely and without fear in the same world as the Soviet Union, and that the rising power and influence of the Western

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society will exert a beneficent magnetic attraction upon Eastern Europe. This will happen if we approach it the right way. Jean Monnet, who is the original founder of this movement, has put it the right way. "We cannot build our future," he has said, "if we are obsessed with fear of Russia. Let us build our own strength and health not against anyone, but for ourselves so that we will become so strong that no one will dare attack us, and so progressive and prosperous that we set a model for all other peoples, indeed for the Russians themselves."

At the same time the wealth and confidence of the new community will enable the Western society to assist and draw to it the societies of the southern hemisphere, where social and economic change is proceeding rapidly.

You will have seen that I do not agree with those who think that in order to defend ourselves and to survive we must put a stop to the progressive movement which has gone on throughout this century. This movement began in the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt. Its purpose was to reform and advance our own social order, and at the same time to recognize that we must live in the world beyond our frontiers. We shall lose all our power to cope with our problems if we allow ourselves to become a stagnant, neurotic, frightened and suspicious people. Let us not punish ourselves by denying ourselves the hope, by depriving ourselves of the oldest American dream, which is that we are making a better society on this earth than has ever been made before.

Is all this conservative? Is all this liberal? Is it all progressive? It is, I say, all of these. There is no irreconcilable contradiction among these noble adjectives. Do not Republicans believe in democracy, and do not Democrats believe in a republic? Such labels may describe political parties in England; they do not describe political attitudes in the United States.

Every truly civilized and enlightened man is conservative and liberal and progressive. A civilized man is conservative in that his deepest loyalty is to the Western heritage of ideas which originated on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Because of that loyalty he is the indefatigable defender of our own constitutional doctrine, which is that all power, that all government, that all officials, that all parties and all majorities are under the law – and that none of them is sovereign and omnipotent.

The civilized man is a liberal because the writing and the administration of the laws should be done with enlightenment and compassion, with tolerance and charity, and with affection.

And the civilized man is progressive because the times change and the social order evolves and new things are invented and changes occur. This conservative who is a liberal is a progressive because he must work and live, he must govern and debate in the world as it is in his own time and as it is going to become.

– *From an address to the Women's National Press Club dinner in Washington, D. C., honoring the Congress on the day it convened, January 10, 1962.*

Muddles that Might Lead to War

by Louis J. Halle

Every military establishment, it is said, always prepares to fight the last war. On the same principle, those of us who try to understand international politics are always in danger of applying the lessons of yesterday to a present that has gone beyond it.

Since only the most advanced political thinkers have mastered the lessons of yesterday, they are precisely the ones who are apt to fall short of our present. The paradox is abundantly exemplified in the history of political thought. Aristotle was the most advanced thinker of his time, but he described the sovereign city-state as the eternal norm of human society at the very moment when his pupil, Alexander the Great, was about to demonstrate that it had become obsolete by replacing it with a universal empire, the prototype of the coming Roman Empire. Again: sea-power dominated international relations from the days of Themistocles, but its lessons were not drawn until Alfred Thayer Mahan published his "Influence of Sea Power upon History" in the 1890's, just at the moment when,

LOUIS J. HALLE, *a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, is now Professor at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after 25 centuries, the development of air-power was about to make it obsolete at last. Also in the latter part of the last century, the traditional imperialism of the European powers became, for the first time, a subject of theoretical understanding – again when it was about to pass. The understanding of nationalism which we have achieved for the first time in our own generation may well bear the same relationship to the course of history.

I take for example the view of our most authoritative thinkers on the behavior to be expected of any state in the position of the German Federal Republic today. According to this view, the German people will never rest until they have achieved, first, the reunification of Germany, and then the rectification of the Oder-Neisse line to bring back within their boundaries the territory that used to be theirs. Men whose thinking I respect most profoundly assume that these typically nationalistic objectives must have priority in the German mind, that all other considerations must come second. Since only Moscow is in a position to grant them, it follows that, when the West Germans finally become convinced of this, they will be moved to ally themselves with Moscow, accepting whatever terms it makes for granting them.

This view may be explained and supported, in part, by the tendency we all have, after an upheaval like the Second World War, to regard the *status quo ante* as the normal state of affairs to which the world must return if there is to be a return to international stability. Such normative thinking, however, is subject to the correction of time, for a new generation will grow up that does not remember the *status quo ante* to which our own generation was brought up, but regards the post-war world, rather, as normal. In like fashion, most of us Americans under sixty-five have come to accept the income-tax as normal, although the older Americans who were brought up in the pre-Wilson era are still apt to regard it as an essentially improper device.

The attribution to the free Germans of these two transcendent objectives, reunification and the rectification of the frontier, represents an unpondered assumption, however, that I find myself questioning. It is that the behavior of states is governed, today as yesterday, by the nineteenth-century nationalism that we have at last learned to regard as the rule in international relations. Accordingly, the overriding aims of any nation-state that is incomplete within its present boundaries must be the reunion and integration of all who share its essential nationality, together with the general enlargement of its power, its territorial jurisdiction, and its wealth. It follows that the people of Germany must be awaiting a renewal of the opportunity to assert their natural unity and greatness. For this purpose they will, when the time comes, resort to any means, however reckless. What this signifies to the Russians is that, given the opportunity, the Germans will again build a military juggernaut for another massive assault on Russia. What it signifies to us Westerners is that we shall wake up, one of these days, to read in the headlines that Bonn and Moscow have concluded another "Rapallo," an alliance before which the West will find itself hopelessly outmatched.

This, I suggest, is what the present Berlin crisis is about. Moscow's motive in creating it appears to be to obtain the acceptance of the West, if not its guarantee, for the present division of Germany. The principal motive of the West, on the other hand, is to avoid such a concession for fear that, by abandoning the cause of German reunification, it will throw Bonn into the arms of Moscow. Ostensibly, then, the West is committed to German reunification while Moscow is determined to maintain the present division, and so there is no basis for negotiation. This, however dressed up, appears to be the underlying issue over which a third world war might be fought.

Who Wants Reunification?

How extraordinary, then, if it were a false issue! Yet this is precisely what I mean to suggest here. I mean to suggest that it may be like the issue of "colonialism" in the minds of Asians and Africans who, still living in yesterday's world, assume that the European powers are still bent on building overseas empires.

In testing the proposition that this is a false issue, the key question to ask is: Who wants German reunification? We know that none of the East Europeans want it. Neither, it is clear, do any of the West Europeans. We Americans are, at the least, indifferent to it. Apparently, then, only the Germans want it. If the other Western states support them in this desire, it is only because of the normative thinking that I mentioned above, and more particularly because such support is regarded as a condition of German participation in the Western alliance.

Can we be sure, however, that even the Germans have an active desire for reunification? I leave out of account here the East Germans, who are allowed no say in these matters, and the unhappy people of Berlin, confining myself to the West Germans. Among those who have traveled in West Germany of recent years it has been a common observation that any prospect of having to absorb East Germany into the Federal Republic in the near future would produce widespread alarm among them. They have been doing very well for themselves without East Germany. They know that a generation of East Germans has been growing up in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

isolation from them, representing an alien education and outlook. If, now, these East Germans suddenly knocked at Bonn's door and announced that they had come back to join the family, the great vested political interests and the great vested business interests would immediately feel themselves threatened. Tell any West German audience that one sees no prospect of reunification and it is notable that all eyes remain dry. There is nothing like the deep feeling that a past generation of Frenchmen manifested over the severance of Alsace and Lorraine.

This common observation appears to be sharply contradicted, however, by the fact that every West German politician feels bound to give constant lip-service to the cause of reunification. How do we explain this paradox?

What the Germans Really Want

I suggest that reunification has become, in Germany, one of those eschatological elements in political mythology to which all orators must pay their ritualistic tribute, just as American political orators must pay their tribute to free enterprise and the pioneer spirit. It has become part of that sacred political cant of which every country has its own blend, and which may have no meaning in terms of actual policy. Governor Faubus, in his public statements, always refers to the "sovereign" State of Arkansas, but an official in Moscow would be mistaken if he concluded that this represented an independence movement. Again, the British kings, after their defeat in the Hundred Years War, maintained a nominal claim to the rule of France for four centuries, until 1802, even styling themselves Kings of France in their signatures to treaties with the actual Kings of France. We misunderstand politics if we take such cant literally.

In addition, the hopes of the free Berliners depend on the maintenance of the prospect that some day, somehow, Germany will be reunified. No national political figure in Germany can overlook this. As we shall see, however, the prospect has other possibilities of realization than those that inspire such fear, today, in persons who recall Bismarck, William II, and Hitler.

Grant, however, that the supposition I have put forward here is exaggerated. Grant that the West Germans would like to see the East Germans united with them once more, in some mythical future if not now. Grant even that, given the option, they would choose to move the German boundary back from the Oder-Neisse line to where it had been in 1939. What I find unrealistic in all this is the assumption that these objectives must be overriding of all other considerations. What I find unrealistic is the implication in the Western view that, even with the spectacle of East German suffering before their eyes, the Germans who are now free of Moscow would still submit themselves to Moscow for the sake of reunification, that they would prefer reunification in Moscow's prison-house to their present freedom and happiness outside it. What I find equally unrealistic is the apparently genuine Russian fear that, for the sake of reunification and the satisfaction of an irredentist urge, those "revanchist" Germans will put themselves at the command of another Hitler, that they will not be deterred from starting another world war even by the knowledge that, in the circumstances of the nuclear age, their country must be wiped out in a few days.

If I am right, then some of our own most respected pundits and the Russians alike have learned the lessons of national behavior which the past teaches just when the past is no more, and are applying them to a present to which they are inapplicable. Moreover, if I am right, then the reality of the present, as opposed to the vision engendered by the past, offers a basis of settlement. For, if I am right, East and West are in basic agreement on the present *status quo*, and the difference between them represents merely the requirements of lip-service.

In this case, it should not be beyond our statesmanship to find convincing ways of telling the Russians that we would be as opposed as they to any renewal of Germany's past expansionism and aggressiveness, and that we would not allow it. Nor is there any reason why this could not be done without driving the West Germans to sell themselves out to Moscow for the sake of reunification.

My own view is that, in any case, they might find themselves unable to do so, that Moscow would think twice about agreeing to German reunification even under a Communist regime, knowing that such a regime would not necessarily be amenable to its direction.

Does this mean, then, that the wall between the two Germanies, with all it implies for the future of the trapped Berliners, will never come down again? I think not. Europe, I think, is beginning to pass beyond the era in which it was proper to think of it as so many separate nation-states. The prospect is that the West Europeans, to begin with, will develop an increasingly close association among themselves, like the originally sovereign and independent Swiss cantons. West Germany would be one of the "cantons" in the developing "confederation." Others would join as time passed. The day will surely come, sooner than we think, when the whole political configuration of our present world has changed, when the bilateral groupings of the post-war period, on either side of an "iron curtain," have given way to other groupings and new configurations. Under these circumstances we may foresee the eventual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adherence of an East German state to the European confederation. Then the two Germanies would once more be united, not as they were before the war, but as the German-speaking cantons of Berne and Zürich are united in the present Swiss Confederation. Here is a hope realistic enough to sustain the Berliners. We shall certainly not return to the past – as East and West alike fear – but we may reasonably expect to go on to a future that is not less tolerable.

So much for one intellectual muddle that might, quite unnecessarily, put a term to the history of our civilization.

Power Politics and Democracy

Another such muddle is also the product of precise and enlightened thinking, although based on a more generalized knowledge of the past. Here the Russians, whose theoretical thinking is more rigidly confined to the past than our own, seem to me chiefly at fault. I have in mind the principle that international relations must, one way or another, be constantly and promptly adjusted to the changing realities of power. This has always, in the past, been a sound principle, but not to be applied too pedantically to the solution of international problems. In the nuclear age that has now begun, when the statistically stronger party may be destroyed by a war no less than its statistically weaker opponent, its application becomes a bit less clear. An element of uncertainty creeps in, and that element is compounded by the irrational behavior of liberal democracies.

According to the principle, if one party to a chess game succeeds in developing his strength so that he at last has the means to capture his opponent's queen, then his opponent might as well accept the logic of power and concede the queen forthwith. If one party gains a decisive advantage over the whole board, then the other might as well accept the loss of the game without bothering to play it out.

My impression is that, at least until recently, this has been the view taken by Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Malinowski of the situation at Berlin. Now that they have neutralized our nuclear capability by the development of their own, so that their superior conventional forces give them a net advantage, it is clear that they have the power to take Berlin. One need only look over the board, at the geography and the distribution of the forces, to see that this is so. Consequently, the Russian leaders expect us to recognize the reality and adjust to it by giving up what we no longer have the means to retain. That is what they have meant all along by negotiation over Berlin. No need to play the game out, especially since to do so might involve all concerned in such catastrophic destruction. Instead, let us have a negotiation in which we all adjust to the new power realities without actual fighting. Some of our most intelligent observers, precisely because they are intelligent enough to understand the calculus of power, have taken much the same view.

In fact, however, countries in which popular opinion is supreme are unable to play chess. The American people are not chess players, they do not understand that we have been outmatched at Berlin, and it would not do for the President to tell them that we must proceed to give up the piece. If the President were in the position of Machiavelli's Prince, if he were Louis XIV, if he were Bismarck, or if he were Mr. Khrushchev himself, he might now negotiate a bloodless surrender of Berlin. But his situation is quite different. In terms of the domestic scene, he would find it politically disastrous if not impossible to retreat. If pressed too hard by Moscow, he would probably find himself compelled to fight, even though it was against all the logic of the game. Moscow ought to recall that, if the British had been chess players, they would have negotiated a settlement with Hitler on his own terms (which would probably have been generous) in 1940.

It was this chess-player's logic, one supposes, that led Mr. Khrushchev to launch the present Berlin crisis last spring. One may also suppose that he has felt baffled by a reaction on our part that makes no sense to him unless as a maneuver preliminary to getting the best bargain we can in our weakness. So he is patient with us perhaps, knowing that these matters may take time, and also being careful to avoid an explosion of violence that would bring the big nuclear weapons into play. For it is a new kind of weakness that he is experiencing, the weakness of the strong, the weakness of the superior power that, in spite of its superiority, cannot afford to risk the test of force. The essential lesson that one must hope he is learning, however, is that we on our side cannot play chess. It may be exasperating but it's true.

The fact that we have learned the lesson of the past is, undoubtedly, all to the good. If we survive, now, into the twenty-first century, we will also learn, presumably, the lessons of what is still our present. What we may learn, then, is that nineteenth-century nationalism, like nineteenth-century imperialism, had faded out of the European world by the second half of the twentieth century, and that other as-yet-unrecognized principles now guided the behavior of the European peoples. Then we may learn that the role of power politics, which we Americans had for so long been unable to recognize, had changed by the time our most advanced thought had come to accept it. The problem we face today, however, is that in this nuclear age we and the Russians might not survive, as we always have in the past, to learn our lessons too late.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting Away from It All

"No!" said the President. It was a Sunday afternoon, 20 years ago, and Mr. Roosevelt had been amusing himself with his stamp album during a leisure half-hour, when the telephone rang and they told him that the Japanese were attacking Pearl Harbor.

It was, if you please, an irrational comment, but it was intensely human. It was exactly what we all do in the moment of realization that This Is It. It is what we are doing now on a national scale as the savants rise to testify, like Job's messengers – worse, for the messengers could say, each, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee," and our savants have no reason to suppose that they will escape. Even Teller, the optimist, assuring us that only 18 million will be killed in the first assault, is aware that he may be among the casualties. From him we proceed to those gloomy astronomers who aver that it may be an old story anyhow – that it is quite conceivable that somewhere in the universe beings of a higher order than our humanity may have detonated their planet and, by their own act, have been converted into dust clouds wandering forever in the cold of interstellar space.

Our instinctive reaction is to shout, "No!" but, unlike the President, we are not content to leave it at one explosive monosyllable. We must embody it in elaborate theories involving innumerable words and some extremely tenuous thinking. But it is certainly an interesting, and perhaps an instructive demonstration of the way the human mind works under stress. Consider the recent, but rapidly developing, philosophy of the Diversionary Tactic.

This is essentially extrapolation, literally on a cosmic scale, of the ancient Machiavellian practice of uneasy tyrants – when things get too hot at home, start a foreign war. Our modern philosophers, to be sure, are not so baldly cynical. They merely recommend diversion of our aggressive tendencies from the conquest of Communism to the conquest of outer space, hoping that Communism, or at least its Russian section, may be induced to follow the same course.

The most elaborate of these orbital flights of fancy is probably Peter Ritner's, who has devoted a whole book to it, including speculations on the conceivable encounter with Superior Beings, which unquestionably would divert our attention from shoe-pounding Comrade Khrushchev. Our K is a menace, but he is a harmless toy by comparison with an extra-galactic K equipped with telepathic vision and aural antennae capable of picking up a conversation at a distance of several light-years. In the presence of such a specter our current dissensions would subside as quickly as those of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, when

> flew down a monstrous crow,
> As big as a tar-barrel,
> Which frightened both the heroes so
> They quite forgot their quarrel.

However, the theory of the diversionary philosophers does not rest entirely, or mainly, upon hypothetical encounters of that kind. They hold that the problem of the mere exploration of relatively near-by space is large enough to arrest the attention and absorb the energies of the technologically advanced nations. It is even suggested that the enormous expense of the work might so drain our economic resources as to prevent the maintenance of really formidable national armament.

Right there, it seems to this superficial observer, the diversionary philosophy falls flat on its face. In the 16th Century war was not sacrificed to exploration; it was the other way about. The fearful tenacity of war is probably due less to the innate ferocity of the human animal than to the release from boredom that it brings to the masses. We are horrified by Mencken's observation that millions of Americans had the time of their lives during World War II; but isn't it true? If we all had his frankness, millions of humbler men could say with King Francis,

> Here we have peace; and, aghast, I'm
> Caught thinking war the true pastime.

To the relatively few engaged in it, the exploration of outer space might bring the same boon; but to the vast majority it is all very far away. It is in the affairs of this earth that they are interested, and it is in those affairs that "the moral equivalent of war" must be sought. But the reduction to order of mundane affairs has as a prerequisite the rigorous control of greed and inordinate ambition under, not over, the moon. Can this task be made as absorbingly entertaining as war is? A few very great men, for a few short periods have made it so. Neither the men nor the periods have lasted long, but they offer more hope than star-gazing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Intellectual and the Movies

by Stanley Kauffmann

Robert Warshow died in 1955, aged 37, taking with him a serious mind and a valuable disrespect for acceptances. A number of his essays and reviews, mostly from *Commentary* and *Partisan Review*, have now been published under the title *The Immediate Experience*, and the collection underscores the pathos of his early death.

Warshow was one of the best of a school of literary, theater, and film critics that has risen in this country since the thirties. A composite member of this school might be described thus: His liberal arts education has had a strong salting of applied psychology and the social sciences. His political views, if he still has any, are post-collectivist (he is through with Socialism and/or Communism). He is agnostic, yearning towards atheism. He spends much of his professional time attacking pap and by now is faintly tired of the sound of his own voice. His chief occupational hazard (of which he is well aware) is boredom.

The Immediate Experience
by Robert Warshow
(Doubleday; $4.50)

The vast increase in collegiate education in the first third of this century produced a new class of unemployed: intellectuals looking for occupations. Whether or not they found academic or other posts to support them, they needed fields of their own for intellectual activity. Some of them found still further crevices to fill in the literary monuments to James, Melville, Eliot. Others of them noted that most serious criticism of the theater had been feverishly esthetic or nostalgically sentimental; as for films, American serious criticism before 1930 was minute. Their literary-sociological kits slung on their shoulders, they descended. They had found their jobs.

The theater attracted principally those whose bent was more literary than social. The others pressed on, naturally enough, to films which seemed designed for them by providence – plentiful, popular, influential. The new critics could even start with the disarming, manly admission that they were not "above" films, that they had enjoyed them since they were children, including the bad ones. (Warshow: "I have seen a great many very bad movies, and I know when a movie is bad, but I have very rarely been bored at the movies.") Here was the perfect medium to match their educations and temperaments, a lode of sociological meanings waiting to be mined.

Warshow shared the group's heaviness: the preponderant use of scientific and literary disciplines to evaluate a non-literary art; the conscientious response to humor (the more slapstick the more revealing, of course); the compulsion to invent seeming perceptions even when the critic perceived nothing. He shared their virtues: vigor of mind, hatred of fake and sentimentality, lively antennae fixed to considerable cultivation in the past. He had, too, some qualities less common in the group: genuine humor (as distinct from sarcasm) and some sense of shortcomings. Very possibly (we'll never know), the ability to grow.

The juxtaposition of social essays and art reviews in this book highlights his strengths and lack of them. We soon see that, not only is he on surer ground with social matters, but that when he writes of art he seems not to have changed subjects. Obviously two essays by the same author must reflect him, whatever the subjects; but no one can go (for example) from *To the Finland Station* to *The Wound and the Bow* without finding a different Edmund Wilson.

Warshow's essay on the Rosenbergs' letters is an adroit, scathing exposition of the interior of the Communist Party mind, with every iron plate riveted in place and the whole chamber ringing with metallic echoes. His piece on Dr. Wertham and comic books neatly skins the obstreperous concern of those psychiatrists who find a battle-horse on which to ride to headlines. His essay on E. B. White and *The New Yorker* is a useful corrective. (He says: "*The New Yorker* has always dealt with experience not by trying to understand it but by prescribing the attitude to be adopted toward it." For examples of this distinction, compare Richard Rovere's "Letter from Washington" in that magazine with his articles in the London *Spectator*. The former provides knowledgeable dinner-table chat; the latter are fine political surgery.)

But when Warshow moves into art criticism, he begins to weave and stumble, even in literature, which is relatively close to him. Comparing Lionel Trilling's novel with Forster's novels, he becomes cumbersomely involved. "Mr. Trilling might have come closer to the 'essence' of the experience he describes if he had been more willing to see it is as the experience of particular human beings in a specific situation; perhaps this means: if he had been more willing to face his own relation to it." Further: "Mr. Trilling has not yet solved the problem of being a novelist at all." The comparison ponderously discovers something that many of us knew: Forster is a novelistic genius, Trilling is not.

With plays and films Warshow is progressively less comfortable. His general essays on cultural aspects of certain film forms are enlightening. "The Gangster as Tragic Hero" is acute; his related essay, "The Westerner," is the best I have read on that much-munched subject. But when he criticizes specific plays and films, Warshow is simply inadequate. He is blind without his sociological glasses and, in turn, is blinded by them when he looks at art as such. His divination of artistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

purpose is dubious, his familiarity with artistic process is slight, his knowledge of directing and acting (hardly irrelevancies in this field) is non-existent. He criticizes *Death of a Salesman* (as have others) for Miller's glibly assumed "liberal" response by the audience. His criticism of the play *as such* consists only of impatient rhetoric and poor jokes. His comparison of the film with the play fumbles the real reason for the film's failure: the fact that this play *is* its form – it cannot be successfully adapted to another medium.

In his review of *The Crucible* Warshow says that Miller's point is obscure and seems to be only a (admittedly strained) parallel with the McCarthy investigations. The central issue of the Salem witch trials, says Warshow, was that the accused "were upholding their own personal integrity against an insanely mistaken community." But surely that is the very point of Miller's play.

His remarks on acting are impoverished. In one place he calls Fredric March "a more commonplace actor" than Lee J. Cobb. March can be criticized on several scores, but they are all excesses – precisely part of the flavor that keeps him from being commonplace these days. (And in relation to Citizen Cobb, of all actors!) But Warshow's comments on acting reduce, generally, to one comment. Of March: "In the blankest moments . . . one sees, if not Willy Loman, who is always more a concept than a human being, at least the actor Fredric March, brought so close and clear that his own material reality begins to assert itself outside the boundaries that are supposed to be set by his role." Of Chaplin: "Perhaps it could even be said that in some sense he has never been an artist at all – though he is full of arts – but always and only a presence." These statements exemplify this critical school's compulsive sagacity, hollow but high-sounding; and they demonstrate Warshow's stupefaction with the powerful juju of photography.

With the three Chaplin films he discusses, Warshow takes us through the social implications of the Tramp, and his changes into the Dictator and Verdoux and Calvero. Some of this is interesting; all of it conforms to the protocol of the ritual cultural essay on Chaplin. Compare these Chaplin pieces with Agee's three-part review of *Monsieur Verdoux* and you see how little Warshow has said about the films as films. One does not wish that Warshow had been Agee. There is plentiful room for more than one kind of critic, and social-intellectual attitudes are obviously a valid area of criticism. But Warshow's reviews remind us inescapably of the medical student who prepared for an exam by studying the stomach, was asked about the heart, and replied: "The heart lies near the stomach. The stomach is constructed of . . . etc., etc."

Warshow seems to have had a growing awareness of a new dimension he wanted in his work. In a prospectus for a book he hoped to write on a Guggenheim grant, which prospectus serves as preface to this collection but does not really apply to it, he says that serious film criticism has tended to fall into two classes: the hyper-esthetic and the sociological, in which latter the film is one more social phenomenon, like low-priced cars. He wants to write a fuller kind of criticism. "A man watches a movie, and the critic must acknowledge that he is that man." Few have thought it necessary to write that "a man reads a book, and the critic must acknowledge that he is that man"; but at least it indicates that Warshow was growing itchy with a compartmented approach, with making an artistic experience serve a narrowed, non-artistic purpose.

He says that he hopes his future work will help to "legitimize" movies. This ambition is conceivable only to those who are not bored by bad movies; who have been drugged by the film's *incidental* immense power for myth and sex-god creation, and are blind to the truth that it has always been an art, that all it has needed at any time is an executant artist. But at least Warshow had stopped being defensive about liking films. If he had lived, he might have helped lead out of the popcorn-and-psychology wilderness those who still go slumming in the balcony for combined juvenile, adolescent, and collegiate reasons. He might have helped to show them that the high proportion of bad films has no more relevance to the art itself than the high proportion of printed trash has to literature; that to relish sleazy gangster films and Kim Novak is much the same as relishing comics and girlie magazines. Warshow would not have tried to "legitimize" those magazines in order to "legitimize" Faulkner. He might have been the first in his group to see that De Sica and Bergman don't need "legitimization" – or at least that a good way to do it is to start being bored by bad movies, by maturing past the worship of mere photography and "presence" and myth-making power.

A word must be said about Lionel Trilling's reminiscent introduction. Puffed with pomposities throughout, it does Warshow small service by saying that his style demands praise "of the kind that used to be given to, say, Hazlitt," and that certain Warshow pieces "establish themselves in the line of Hazlitt, a tradition in which I would place only one other writer of our time, George Orwell, with whose feeling for the language Warshow's had much in common." Warshow is as much a descendant of Hazlitt the Revolutionist (certainly not the drama critic) as are most republican non-dogmatists. But Trilling's admiration of this prose is harder to understand. Occasionally Warshow writes a beautiful line ("Jews, as Jews, are interchangeable; if even one man has been killed because he was a Jew, then we are all survivors"), and his threnody for his father is as moving as it is percipient; but much of his prose has ax-marks all over it to show how it was hewn. Warshow has indeed some of Orwell's brusque, wiry mode of thought, but I think the author of *Politics and the English Language* would have squirmed at the writing in some passages that space does not permit me to quote. Warshow would be better off without Trilling's windy fanfare. His absurdly premature death was and is an occasion for sadness, not for sanctification.

"JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, *India's Judge Roy Bean, continues his campaign of peace-by-lynch-law. Having emerged victorious from the heroical War of 1961 against the Portuguese settlers of the sixteenth century, he has now moved against the hoss-thief of Kashmir, Sheik Abdullah. The old Hangin' Tree, now gray and leafless, still stands in Langtry, Texas. Maybe we should wrap it up and ship it to Nehru as part of this year's Technical Assistance to India?*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. R-7, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuba and the Politics of Common Sense

by James Gatsby

In the confusion, denunciation and apology, invasion, fiasco, and strained silence over the Cuban Revolution, an extraordinary book has been almost completely ignored. I'm talking about Warren Miller's *90 Miles from Home*. Miller has received at least two notices, one by Max Frankel in the *New York Times*, and the other by Michael Harrington in the *Village Voice*, which lead me to suspect that Dwight Macdonald may very well have something when he talks about "totalitarian liberalism." What I mean by this is that both of these reviews seem to have as their object "the annihilation of the individual." Thus, Miller's book is transformed into a type, and – why not? – reviewed, not by itself, but along with another pro-Castro book. This is the efficient way to do it, but in the process something beautiful has been destroyed. Mr. Frankel, who reviews the book along with a collection of Sartre's newspaper articles which were issued in paperback by Ballantine, at least has the perception to praise Miller for the quality of his writing; in the hands of Mr. Harrington, a socialist, *90 Miles from Home* is unrecognizable. As a footnote to all this, it might be noted that *90 Miles From Home* also received a brief notice in *New World Review*, as a part of an omnibus review of six books and two pamphlets, all favorable to Castro's revolution. What this latter review proves to me is that sometimes one has more to fear from one's friends than from one's enemies. The book, Murray Young tells us, "is none the worse for being on the surface amusing and rather detached in the fashionable *New Yorker* magazine style." What is more, *90 Miles From Home* "is an excellent book to give those people who still have 'doubts' about the revolution."

90 Miles from Home
by Warren Miller
(Little, Brown; $3.95)

For the most part, *90 Miles From Home* has been ignored; what reviews it has had consist largely of categorization. If Wright Mills was attacked for *Listen, Yankee*, and Nathaniel Weyl for *Red Star Over Cuba*, they at least were treated as grown men, capable of having opinions of their own. Miller has not even received this sort of recognition. And yet, *90 Miles From Home* is an extremely good book; it is in a direct line with the classic journalistic accounts of revolution such as *Ten Days That Shook the World, Red Star Over China*, and *Homage to Catalonia*. On the other hand, the book has sold well, and has become something of a word-of-mouth bestseller.

Miller went to Cuba in December, 1960, to write his book; it was his fourth trip. He had gone in 1957, when Castro was still in the mountains with a handful of men, and "every sign bearing Batista's name was stained with flung filth." He made his second trip in January, 1959, when the revolution had just attained power, and for a short time, "every man was a brother." Not only was every man a brother, but in the interval between Batista's flight and the organization of a revolutionary police, an "entire island, six million people, lived by the honor system. Burglary and theft virtually came to a halt that week, and no crime of violence was committed." One is reminded of the breathless young Reed in revolutionary Petrograd. On the night Lenin seized power, Reed tells us, "not a single hold-up occurred, not a single robbery . . . quiet the city lay." And one can imagine how Theodore Draper would react to this; probably in much the same way as Bertram D. Wolfe pounces on Reed in his introduction to *Ten Days*. Myth-making aside, however, apparently enough people *did* live by the honor system that the country survived until a new police force was organized.

Mr. Miller went back in July, 1960, and "everything had changed." Truckload after truckload of workers, bearing banners reading *Without Quota, but Without Masters*, roared down the Malecon; a great rally was to be held in front of the Capitol Building that day. And that night, as the Millers were listening to the Stevenson ovation from the Democratic National Convention on short wave radio, the militia arrived. "We had been reported: apparently, we were thought to be sending signals out to sea; the candles looked suspicious." Soon, however, the militiamen, "two teenage boys with pistols and crucifixes," realized that the Millers were not spies, and then, "almost tearful with anger and incomprehension," began assailing them with questions like "*Why* did Eisenhower cut the sugar quota? *Why* are you forcing us into the arms of Russia?" The Millers' answers to these questions were as unsatisfactory to themselves as they were to the boys, who left with the "fragile hope" that with a new President who was both a Democrat and a Catholic, US-Cuban relations might improve.

And then Miller went back for the fourth, and one suspects, the last trip for some time in December, 1960. Mr. Miller seems to be a rather unassuming man, one of the many bright young people who came out of World War II with hopes that, as we have seen, were to be disappointed; in the middle-fifties he wrote a political novel that had to be published in England. Only recently has this book, *The Sleep of Reason*, been re-issued in the States. The man seems to be modest enough about himself. For example, I strongly suspect that it dawned on Miller quite slowly that he was qualified to write a book about Cuba at all. And yet, Miller has a thorough grounding in Latin American history as well as a good command of the Spanish language; in fact, the very sort of things that critics attacked Mills for not having before writing *Listen, Yankee*. And Miller has the additional advantage of having an independent income, and not being dependent on foundation money. There are some other things, too: Miller, unlike Draper, Weyl and Mills (and Sweezy and Huberman, too, for that matter) is a writer, and as a writer, Miller is concerned with human beings and not abstractions. This is probably why *90 Miles From Home* will be read when the rest of what has been written about Cuba is merely consulted by research scholars.

Mills, who attempted to break through the thick crust of the mass,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER

WE'VE ALL HEARD OF THE RADICAL RIGHT AND THE RADICAL LEFT. WITH US TONIGHT IS A SPOKESMAN OF A GROUP WHOSE VIEWS WE'VE HEARD VERY LITTLE ABOUT: **THE RADICAL MIDDLE.**

WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE VIEWS OF YOUR ORGANIZATION, SIR?

PROBABLY. THE RADICAL MIDDLE THINKS IT'S TIME WE TOOK THE INITIATIVE IN WORLD AFFAIRS, WHILE DEPLORING THE IDEA OF CHANGE FOR MERE CHANGE'S SAKE.

WE OPPOSE CONCESSIONS TO THE SOVIETS. HOWEVER, WE FAVOR NEGOTIATIONS AND STRONGLY SUPPORT THE U.N., WHILE WE REJECT ITS INTERFERENCE WITH OUR BASIC INTERESTS.

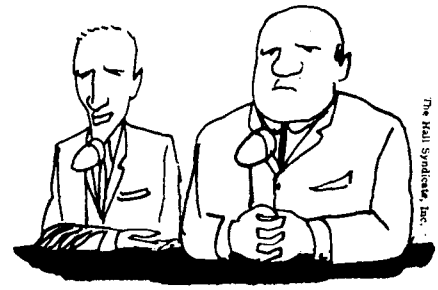
WE FAVOR ARMS CONTROL AND A CONTINUED BUILDUP, A STRONG CIVIL RIGHTS PROGRAM WITHOUT THE UNDUE HASTE WHICH CREATES DEEP SCARS.

THEN, SIR, SUMMING UP WISE, YOU'D SAY YOUR PHILOSOPHY IS—?

BOLD TIMES CALL FOR BOLD ANSWERS. WITHIN REASON. IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING. MORE OR LESS.

THANK YOU, SIR.

ON THE OTHER HAND—



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complacent American society with angry polemic, and to a large extent succeeded, succeeded only in the creation of a new stereotype. Mills' revolutionary is not a real person, but a composite man. His argument may be authentic, as Draper concedes, but his humanity, and it was for human reasons that the revolution was made, is not. It is to Miller's credit that he has made the Cuban Revolution comprehensible to us as a human event.

There are at least two places in the book in which Miller does this for me. One is at a poetry reading by Neruda. The Millers sat next to an old Negro, who sat carefully holding a new hat of stiff, black felt; "it was a very precious hat" for him. "He sat like a man who has spent a lot of time waiting and who knows how, knows better than you and I." As Neruda begins reading a poem called "The Indians," the Negro leans forward to hear better; his gaze goes inward with reflection; Neruda is talking about *him*.

"Suddenly we know
that you are there, at the door,
waiting, or inside of us,
and in other places, waiting
in the rain and without food . . .
. . . these very rich people are afraid.
They wake up suddenly,
run to the window.
It's only night outside,
nothing happens,
but they are afraid,
they are afraid of everything and,
strange to say,
they are afraid of you also,
forgotten one
of the Andes. . . ."

"At the poem's end," Miller tells us, "the Negro, unable to applaud, stood up; and the whole audience, after a moment, rose with him. The applause was in unison, it began slowly, all together, in time; and the tempo slowly increased. It was like a rising wind . . . the Negro was the last to sit down." This Negro could be any Negro (indeed, Miller tells us that his face is "masklike"), but he is not. Holding his dignity in his lap in his precious felt hat, he is an individual, and this is why this little vignette has the power to move us so.

The other incident occurred in a beauty parlor on December 22. The operator, quite without prompting, is explaining to the Millers her epistemology. "I am not a fanatic," she says, "but I must say that this is a government that always tells the truth. When I see something with my own eyes, I believe it." She then goes on to explain that her brother is in Prague, training to be a commercial airlines pilot; he has sent her a postcard saying, "Sister, this Czechoslovakia is a glorious land; it is paradise." The beautician goes on to say, that although she does not doubt her brother's word, "until I see it for myself I will not believe it."

This is not the sort of thing that makes one cry, but it *is* the sort of thing that makes one hope; one realizes that the incessant propagandizing, the manipulation, and the mental coercion of the mass society does, after all, have a limit; the process can only go so far, and then the corrosive power of ordinary common sense takes over, as the individual takes refuge in believing only what he *knows*. Reality, then, is *not* infinitely manipulatable.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Shaker Village teen-age summer project provides boys and girls with a new kind of experience in work activity, community relations and leisure interests. The co-ed project offers a significant experience that helps teen-agers strive toward new values and perspectives in work, cultural and recreational activities, as well as current social issues.

Inspiration toward the practice of excellence is provided by the historic Shaker site and its renown as an early-American Utopian experiment, famed for superb craftmanship and unique folk culture. A new unit for teen-agers is being established and additional openings for the coming summer are expected to be available.

Eligibility is limited to boys 14-17 years of age, girls 13-16. For enrollment information, state age and present school year.

Shaker Village
WORK GROUP

P.O. Box 1149-N, Pittsfield, Mass.
N.Y. Phone: LO 4-5850

THEATER

A Little Night Music

The Night of the Iguana
by Tennessee Williams
Royale Theater

Ross
by Terence Rattigan
Eugene O'Neill Theater

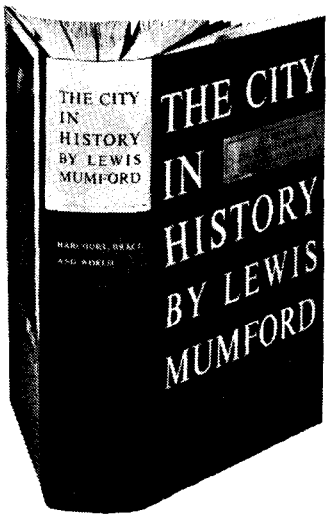
Brecht on Brecht
arranged by George Tabori
Theater de Lys

In *The Night of the Iguana*, Tennessee Williams has composed a little nocturnal mood music for muted strings, beautifully performed by some superb instrumentalists, but much too aimless, leisurely, and formless to satisfy the attentive ear. I should add that I prefer these Lydian measures to the unmelodious banalities of his *Period of Adjustment* or the strident masochistic dissonances of *Sweet Bird of Youth;* for his new materials are handled with relative sincerity, the dialogue has a wistful, graceful, humorous warmth, the characters are almost recognizable as human beings, and the atmosphere is lush and fruity without being outrageously unreal (no Venus flytraps snapping at your fingers). With this play, Williams has returned once again to the primeval jungle, where – around a ramshackle resort hotel near Acapulco – the steaming tropical underbrush is meant to evoke the terrors of existence. But he has explored this territory too many times before – the

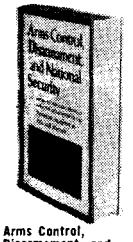
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any 3 Books FREE

SAVINGS UP TO $35.55 WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION

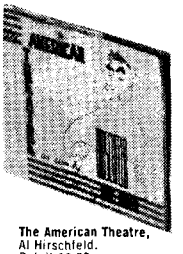


The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.



Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security, edited by Donald G. Brennan. Retail $6.00.

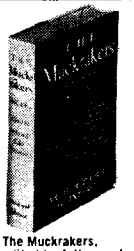
The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.



The American Theatre, Al Hirschfeld. Retail $9.95. Member's price $6.95.

A History of Sexual Customs, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, James Agee and Walker Evans. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.95.

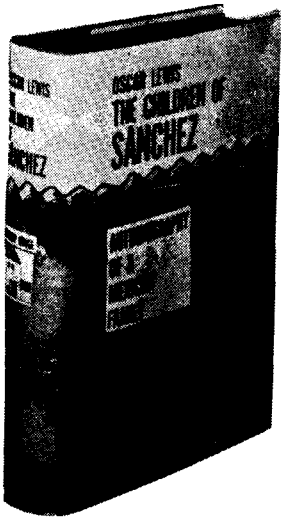


The Muckrakers, edited by Arthur and Lila Weinberg. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.95.

The Labyrinth, Saul Steinberg. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

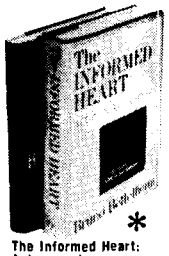
The Joy of Music, Leonard Bernstein. Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.

A History of Western Morals, Crane Brinton. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.



The Children of Sánchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.

Freedom in the Ancient World, Herbert J. Muller. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.



*

The Informed Heart: Autonomy in a Mass Age, Bruno Bettelheim *and* **In Search of Humanity,** Alfred Cobban. Combined Retail price $9.50. Member's price (for both books) $5.50

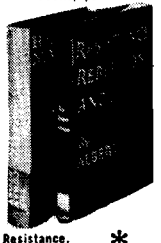
The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell, edited by Robert E. Egner and Lester E. Dennon. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.

The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Sophocles, Aquinas, Spencer, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and others. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Golden Age of American Anthropology, edited by Margaret Mead and Ruth Bunzel. Retail $10.00. Member's price $4.95.

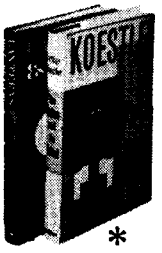
Images of Man: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright Mills. Penetrating studies of man by Lippmann, Spencer, Weber, Marx, Engels, Veblen, and many others. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society. A massive compendium of studies by Mead, May, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills and more. Retail $7.50. Member's price (for both books) $4.95.



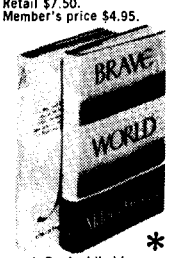
*

Resistance, Rebellion, and Death, by Albert Camus; *and* **The Cuban Story,** by Herbert Matthews. Combined retail price $8.50. Member's price (for both books) $5.95.



*

The Lotus and the Robot, Arthur Koestler; *and* **Lanterns and Lances,** James Thurber. Combined retail price $7.90. Member's price (for both books) $4.95.



*

J. B., Archibald MacLeish; *and* **Brave New World Revisited,** Aldous Huxley. Combined retail price $6.50. Member's price $4.50.

"THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT"

The Crisis of the Old Order, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

The Coming of the New Deal, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.75. Member's price $4.75.

The Politics of Upheaval, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.95. Member's price $4.95.

*

The Future as History *and* **The Worldly Philosophers: The Lives, Times, & Ideas of the Great Economic Thinkers,** both by Robert L. Heilbroner. Combined retail price $9.00. Member's price (for both books) $6.70.

*

Catch 22, Joseph Heller; and **The Rising Gorge,** S. J. Perelman. Combined retail price $10.45. Member's price (for both books) $5.95.

SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE! Here are some of the selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. The selections of the Book Find Club **are** different. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. These are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join now. As an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the benefits and privileges of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections pictured above **free** with your first selection. Since several are dual selections*, you may acquire as many as **8** books in this way.

CONVENIENCE. Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Each month you will receive The Book Find News, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the many other books available at special member's prices. You need choose **only** the books you want.

AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%. As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. Compare the prices of the books shown here. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to **as much as $35.55.**

BONUS BOOKS. When your initial commitment has been fulfilled, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take.

* **Two books counting as one selection**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

c/o THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

You may enroll me as a member of the Book Find Club and send me the three free books of my choice with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy at least four additional selections—or alternates—in the next twelve months. When my initial commitment has been fulfilled, I will be entitled to a **free bonus book** of my own choosing after every third selection that I take. I am to receive each month without charge the **Book Find News** containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of all other books available to me at special member's prices. This will enable me to make my own choice; if I do not want the selection announced I can return your form saying "send me nothing" or use it to order another book from the more than 100 current choice titles offered. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional selections or alternates.

First Selection _____

Free Books 1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

Please print full name

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

(Same offer and prices apply in Canada. Address: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario)

B62-19-1

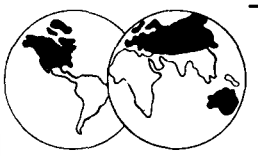
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE

An unregimented low-cost trip stressing individual liberty & very wide coverage on & off the beaten path from Scandinavia to Africa. Iron Curtain optional. Unless the standard tour is a 'must' for you, write for details.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box N — Pasadena, California

L'EXPRESS

The leading liberal newspaper in France today.
Send 25c for your sample copy.
Howard Publications
Room 503
1475 Broadway
New York 36, N.Y.



An Open Letter on Foreign Policy

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

by Harrop and Ruth Freeman

What are the 10 revolutions shaping our world? Why is the problem North-South, not East-West?

346 pp., cloth $4.00, paper $3.00

PORTER SARGENT
11 BEACON ST. BOSTON 8

NOW IN ITS THIRD YEAR!
THE OPEN MIND—the monthly journal of rationalists, by rationalists and for rationalists. The magazine that is still *Read* and not *Dead*. Subscribe *NOW*. $2.00 per year. 55 R, Orchard St., Newark 2, N.J.

INTERESTED IN HISTORY?
Lost City discovered. Pre-Revolutionary. Over 100 foundations, streets, market place, forts, etc. Authenticated by Federal Government. Should draw 200,000 visitors at $1.00 annually. Opportunity qualified person or group. Box 56, Crown Point, New York.

WORLD PEACE — The Journal of International Pacifism. Quarterly. Sample Copy 25c; Two Years $3.00. Box 6537R, Atlanta 15 (Ga) USA

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year..... 9c
Per word 48 times in one contract year..... 8c

NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

play seems tired, unadventurous, and self-derivative. Furthermore, the author's compulsion to express himself on the subjects of fleshly corruption, time and old age, the malevolence of God, and the maiming of the sensitive by life has now become so strong that he no longer bothers to provide a substructure of action to support his vision. *The Night of the Iguana* enjoys no organizing principle whatsoever; and except for some perfunctory gestures towards the end, it is very short on plot, pattern, or theme.

One trouble is that while Williams has fully imagined his *personae*, he has not sufficiently conceived them in relation to one another, so that the movement of the work is backwards towards revelation of character rather than forwards towards significant conflict. "The going to pieces of T. Lawrence Shannon," a phrase from the play, might be its more appropriate title, for it focuses mainly on the degradation and breakdown of its central character – a crapulous and slightly psychotic Episcopalian minister, very similar to the alcoholic Consul in Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*. Thrown out of his church for "fornication and heresy" – after having been seduced by a teenage parishioner, he refused to offer prayers to a "senile delinquent"– Shannon now conducts guided tours in Mexico, sleeping with underage girls, coping with hysterical female Baptists, and finding evidence of God in thunder, in the vivesection of dogs, and in starving children, scrabbling among dungheaps in their search for food. Other characters brush by this broken heretic, but they hardly connect with him, except to uncover his psychosexual history and to expose their own: The Patrona of the hotel, a hearty lecherous widow with two Mexican consorts, out of *Sweet Bird of Youth;* Hannah Jelkes, a virgin spinster with a compassionate nature, out of *Summer and Smoke;* and Nonno, her father, a ninety-seven-year-old poet – deaf, cackling, and comatose – out of *Krapp's Last Tape*. The substance of the play is the exchange, by Hannah and Shannon, of mutual confidences about their sexual failures, while the Patrona shoots him hot glances and the poet labors to complete his last poem. When Shannon goes beserk, and is tied down on a hammock and harrassed by some German tourists, the iguana is hastily introduced to give this action some larger symbolic relevance: the lizard has been tied under the house, to be fattened, eaten, and to have its eyes poked out by native boys. Persuaded by Hannah to be kinder than God, Shannon eventually frees the iguana, tying its rope around his own neck when he goes off, another Chance Wayne, to become one of the Patrona's lovers. But though Shannon is captured, Nonno is freed. Having completed his poem about "the earth's obscene corrupting love," he has found release from such corruptions in death.

The materials, while resolved without sensationalism or sentiment, are all perfectly familiar: the defeated perverse central character, punished for his perversity; the Strindbergian identification of the human body with excrement and defilement; the obsessively sexual determination of every character. But by keeping his usual excesses to a minimum, Williams has provided the occasion for some striking performances. Margaret Leighton, especially, has endowed the stainless Hannah with extraordinary sensibility and tenderness, plumbing depths which Williams himself has been unable to reach since his earliest work. Bette Davis, playing the Patrona in flaming red hair and blue jeans, bats her pendulous lids on her laugh lines and is always on the surface of her part, but she is still a strongly felt personality; Alan Webb's Nonno is humorously senescent; and Patrick O'Neal plays Shannon with suppressed hysteria and a nagging, relentless drive which sometimes reminds one of Fredric March. Always on hand to produce rain on the stage, Oliver Smith has stifled his passion for opulence in the setting, within which this gifted ensemble seems to find its way without directorial eyes (Frank Corsaro's name is still on the program but I detect his influence only in a couple of Method Mexican extras).

For all its virtues, though, the play is decidedly a minor opus. A rich atmosphere, a series of languid scenes, and some interesting character sketches are more than Williams has offered us in some time, but they are still not enough to sustain our interest through a full evening. Perhaps Williams,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

identifying with Nonno, has decided to think of himself as only "a minor league poet with a major league spirit," and there is enough fatigue in the play to suggest that, again like Nonno, he feels like "the oldest living and practicing poet in the world." But even a minor poet fashions his work with more care and coherence than this; even an aged eagle occasionally spreads its wings. I am inclined to persist in my heresy that there is at least one more genuine work of art left in Williams, which will emerge when he has finally been able to objectify his personal problems and to shape them into a suitable myth. Meanwhile, let us put down *The Night of the Iguana* as another of his innumerable exercises in marking time.

Ross is one of those plays (*The Complaisant Lover* is another) that the West End occasionally sends overseas to prove that Broadway has no monopoly on mediocrity. Using a clumsy, old-fashioned technique, and characters and dialogue of excessive gentility, Rattigan has tried to rescue T. E. Lawrence from such debunkers as Richard Aldington, succeeding only in weakening his protagonist even further. The production is trite enough (John Mills, playing Lawrence like a squeamish schoolmaster with the shakes, is a major disappointment), but the play is utterly banal. Rattigan has fastened on Lawrence's experience at Deraa, beautifully related in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, when, disguised as a Circassian, he was beaten and sodomized by soldiers for refusing to yield to an amorous Turkish governor. Taking his cue from Lawrence's assertion that at Deraa "the citadel of my integrity had been irrevocably lost," Terence Rattigan concludes that the whole episode was a wily Turkish plot.

The governor – possessing secret information about Lawrence's latent homosexuality (of which Lawrence himself was presumed to be ignorant) – had penetrated Lawrence's disguise, and determined to break his influence on the Arab revolt by showing him his true self. The whole thing, of course, is pure fantasy, even more absurd when we remember Lawrence's frequent observations that the Turks were the stupidest and most ill-informed military in the world. But whether Lawrence was a homosexual or not is totally irrelevant to the fact that he was the only authentic hero our bureaucratic century has managed to produce; and if not that, then the only creative artist capable of inventing such a hero. For proof of Lawrence's own genius, we must turn to Lawrence's work, and not to the envious ravings of his debunkers or to the genteel psychologizing of his well-wishers.

If Rattigan's Lawrence has been softened for Aunt Edna, George Tabori's Brecht has been castrated for the ANTA ladies. *Brecht on Brecht* is a selection of the German playwright's writings, carefully edited to cast a warm glow. In Tabori's program, Brecht emerges as a liberal, anti-Nazi humanitarian, discomforted only by the plight of the poor, the dispossessed, and the persecuted – a kind of Barry Gray with talent. To use Brecht's own phrase, he has been made "nice instead of bold" – all the danger has been removed from his works – even when the author's voice scratchily comments on his life and plays, there is nobody to tell us that these remarks were recorded at a Congressional investigation into his politics. For Tabori's Brecht apparently *has* no politics – neither the simple Stalinism with which he is sometimes mistakenly credited nor the ambiguous Marxism he actually held – and without a politics of indignation, Brecht is almost indistinguishable from Thornton Wilder. The production, too, under Gene Frankel's ersatz direction, is a model of unctuous geniality. The actors, in this staged reading, wink, smile, and twinkle at each other so much that I wanted to throw my coat at them. And when they are not nodding sanctimoniously over the old philosopher's sage apothegms, they are undermining Brecht through their interpretations of his works: one throwing fits of hysterics in *The Jewish Wife*, another turning Galileo into a sentimental dullard, still another dripping molasses over an unborn child in a scene from *The Good Woman*. Only Lotte Lenya – cold, metallic, seemingly detached from the proceedings – conveys some of the steel and ice that were in Brecht. But even her presence fails to authenticate this factitious attempt to make Brecht fashionable.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Any Book

Out-of-print books located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation.

Books-On-File
Dept. NEW Union City, N.J.

AFRIQUE action

The liberal voice of emerging Africa.
Edited in Tunis, in French. Send 25c for your copy.
HOWARD PUBLICATIONS
Room 503, 1475 Broadway, New York 36

"WILL FORMS"
Two Will Forms and Book on Wills.
$1.00 Complete
National Forms, Box 48313NR
Los Angeles 48, Calif.

JAPANESE WOODCUT PRINTS
Masterpieces by Sharaku, Hiroshige, Utamaro, Hokusai, etc.
Accurately reproduced by hand-carved woodblocks using exactly the same materials as originals.
Authenticated by Tokyo National Museum.
Illustrated pamphlet listing over 250 titles, $1.00 by airmail, 25c by seamail
Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints
CPO Box 362
Tokyo, Japan

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"
Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free.
Sleep-Learning Research Association
Box 24-NR Olympia, Washington

Let us MAKE YOUR OPINIONS COUNT
Let us SEND THEM TO EVERY CONGRESSMAN
Let us do this for 33 cents a month
ACOPOLL (NR) 430 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

SOCIALIST BOOKS
Catalog and literature FREE.
New York Labor News Co.
Dept. R, 61 Cliff Street
New York 38, N.Y.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN GODS, SAVIORS AND SUPERNATURALISM?
Is all your concern for people? Then you're a HUMANIST! Welcome to AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for three-month trial membership ($5 for year):
AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION
Dept. NR, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Printed by National Publishing Co., 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEAN OF AMERICAN FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS DEMANDS "AN END TO MAKE BELIEVE"

Reprinted from the Saturday Review

A Dangerous Generosity

By Leo Cherne, *executive director, Research Institute of America, Inc.*

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER provides in **"An End to Make-Believe"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.95) a remarkably perceptive analysis of the failure of the United States to win the Cold War. In this, his second book in two years, Mr. Mowrer recalls the fateful illusions that have led to the multiplication of dismal consequences; and, in pages that move even more swiftly than the events they record, he plays out the sequence of self-deluding conceptions which may indeed, if uncorrected, destroy us.

There are few less fashionable words in the lexicon of contemporary America than "power." "Compared with the men of 1783," Mr. Mowrer says, "the leaders from 1941 to 1961 seemed provincial. *They lacked the sense of power politics.*" Moreover, the United States has consistently misunderstood the unmistakable intentions of the Soviet Union and the nature of the power struggle in which we are engaged.

Edgar Mowrer follows the thread of this misunderstanding through the Administrations of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower. Our illusions, as they are examined in this important volume, have uniquely American roots. Our policy is frequently a reflection of American generosity, of a heritage of fair play and optimistic faith and naïve idealism. The qualities that have given rise to our errors have more often than not been admirable. The consequences, however, can be fatal.

As Mr. Mowrer takes us back the highway paved with good intentions, he demonstrates the bitter frequency with which we were led to give to the Soviets that which they would otherwise have been unable to take.

> A basic misunderstanding of the nature both of Soviet Communism and Communist philosophy led Roosevelt to the final fateful assumption upon which he gambled his wartime policy, namely, that he could "handle Stalin." He sincerely expected to transform a fanatic Communist and power-mad despot into a public-spirited leader of a peaceful world community. On this assumption he placed his great stakes—and lost. . . .

Mr. Mowrer outlines American wartime policy, which never "seriously considered the danger to the world of too complete a Russian victory." Because of this misconception, he says, "Rarely has any war given one of the victors such vast spoils to use against its former allies"; this at a time when one world leader, Winston Churchill, perceptively observed that Russia and its Western Allies were not fighting the same war.

The roll call of Soviet victories since 1941 is long and painful. The author details the extension of "make-believe," which he considers responsible for many of these victories, into the Truman era at war's end when the new U.S. President failed to understand the wisdom of Churchill's pleas that we occupy Berlin and Prague, that we stay on the Elbe until Stalin fulfilled his pledges to Central Europe, and that we maintain indefinitely a substantial garrison in Europe.

The fact that military power in our time is a political force of undeniable importance was in some respects least understood in the Administration of the military leader, Dwight D. Eisenhower. In fact, in a moment that obviously left veteran foreign correspondent Mowrer stunned, President Eisenhower discarded military might as a political force when at Geneva he turned to Marshal Zhukov and assured him that "under no circumstances is the United States ever going to be a party to aggressive war—against any nation."

To the Russians, Mr. Mowrer says, this remark "was the door opened to unlimited expansion provided only that they refrained from direct attack on some part of the world that interested the United States. No longer any fear that a carefully provoked military uprising in, say, Cuba or the Congo, wherein the hand of Moscow was conspicuous, would trigger an American attack upon the USSR or Red China. The chief obstacle to an all-Red world was removed by the man Moscow regarded as its chief opponent."

The significance of these developments was not lost on the rest of the world, he says. ". . . whatever the President wanted, the rest of the world, allies, neutrals, and enemies alike, suspected that the U.S. was no longer a dependable protector, or the dominant power or adversary to be greatly feared."

The recital of the occasions where America pleaded, conceded, cajoled, helped, promised, and agreed during this twenty-year continuous engagement with the Soviet Union becomes supremely ironic as the echo of the over-fifty-megaton bomb reverberates in the atmosphere.

The history Edgar Mowrer recalls is not an endless recollection of dismal failure. There have been moments, as Harry Truman undoubtedly recalls with particular pride, when America was pushed to the wall and turned to face an adversary with the unyielding instruments of power. Virtually without exception these have been the moments of some measure of victory for us in the Cold War. But the moments of success have been matched by moments of opportunity lost, courage betrayed, freedom undefended. In this, the fifth year after the Hungarian Revolution, there are reminders in these pages which are painful but which could prevent tomorrow's pain.

Edgar Mowrer has refused to accept the dismal choice—Red or dead. We can, he urges, be alive and free if we can but sustain the sophisticated, clear-sighted view of the world as it is, of the Soviets as they are, of Communist purpose as it has been presented to us bluntly by Khrushchev at Geneva, at Paris, at the United Nations, and most recently in the Soviet world, which stretches from the half-emptied tomb in the Kremlin to the wastes of Novaya Zemlya.

Mr. Mowrer's prescription is a harsh one. The temptation will be great to dismiss it. He was among the very first to illuminate the nature of Adolf Hitler. His volume, "Germany Puts the Clock Back," was published in 1932. His prophetic pages failed to prevent disaster. But he tried! How hard, how faithfully, and how long he has tried has been painfully manifest during the twenty-nine years since then.

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER NOW—
OR JUST MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON:

Meredith Press, Inc.
60 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me Edgar Ansel Mowrer's important new book, "An End to Make Believe"

☐ I enclose $3.95 (You will pay the postage).
☐ Please send the book and bill me $3.95, plus postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED